

Hey Darling, I Think I Wanna Marry You

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Hey Darling, I Think I Wanna Marry You

by [HybridOwl](#)

Summary

Ford works with the mayor on a new law. When he reveals the fruits of his labor to his twin, Stan has some pressing questions.

Such as, what the hell?!

Notes

Having some issues with my summer of stancest 2023 entries (namely, writing/drawing them) so I thought I'd post this little guy. Never before has crack treated seriously applied more.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Stan is eating a tall stack of Stan-cakes when Ford strides in with a manic grin and smacks him in the face with a newspaper.

Stan splutters and swats the newspaper away, just barely avoiding getting it drenched in syrup, and Ford frowns.

"Don't hit it, you haven't even read it!" Ford complains, grabbing the newspaper back and smoothing out the wrinkles from Stan's rough handling, fussing like Stan had kicked a Plaid-y-pus or whatever Ford called them.

Stan sighs, because it's too early in the morning for whatever this is. He had been up all night getting eyebats out of the attic with a taser and a tennis racket, and he had been forcibly awoken by the gnomes rapping on his window asking where queen Mabel had gone, and had to shoo those fuckers too.

Still, he puts down his fork and pushes his plate aside, preparing for supernatural shenanigans. There were always supernatural shenanigans. Stan had signed up to go on a boat with Ford in just a few short weeks, chasing down yet more supernatural shenanigans.

And it's not like he hadn't been expecting Ford to drop some sorta bomb soon. Ford had been sleeping and eating even more erratically than usual, muttering over papers and going on outings that Stan was expressly forbidden to follow on. The shoe was bound to drop some time.

And there was no way it would be at so convenient a time as to let Stan eat his breakfast in peace.

"Alright Sixer, lay it on me." Stan says, holding out his hand. Ford thrusts the paper into it, grinning maniacally again. He starts bobbing up and down the balls of his feet, looking like the world's most insane pogo stick.

Stan sighs, and looks at the newspaper.

NEW LAW FROM MAYOR, says the headline. The picture is Ford and Mayor Cutebiker shaking hands with a written law in the mayor's other hand. Ford looks triumphant in the picture, shoulders back and chest puffed out like he does when he's particularly proud of an experiments results.

Stan looks at real Ford, eyebrow raised. Ford makes a motion with his hands to keep going. Stan looks back at the newspaper.

It starts with Toby Determined's signature rambling style, giving unnecessary facts like the color of the mayor's socks and how many ducks were present, before finally getting to the point. There was a new marriage law in place, the most revolutionary since the bird marriage law. Stan supposes this is a good thing, making people happy. He's always kinda liked weddings, even if all the ones he's attended after his own vegas one and subsequent divorce a day later, he had been a wedding crasher.

After singing the praises of the policy change a little longer, the article went into who qualified for it. And there were some pretty specific rules.

Super specific.

Like, really, super specific.

His brain is adding up older than 60, both male, one must have save other when other went through an interdimensional portal, fucking *twins*-

Stan's eyes stop tracking, unable to read anymore. It's nonsense. It's complete nonsense. Except-

"Sixer, we're not even dating." Stan points out, and Stanford scoffs.

"That hardly seems pertinent." Ford says, and Stan turns to look at him incredulously.

"Do you even *like* me?" Stan asks. It's an honest question. Yes they had a past, but that past included an awful lot of hurt feelings and estrangement, and while they had agreed to go on their adventure around the world, Stan hadn't thought it would be like that.

This, for the first time in the conversation, seems to make Ford hesitate. He looks uncertain.

"Of course I do Stanley. I love you." Ford manages to say this like it's not news, and even starts to look anxious when Stan's jaw drops. Ford fidgets. "I mean, of course I do. You know that. I've never- I've never wanted this with anyone but you, I just thought it impossible."

Stan nods. That's an understatement.

"But in a town that allows marriage to woodpeckers, I think I should be allowed to marry the person who I've loved since I discovered what love even was."

Stan can understand that. Ford had been his first kiss, his first boyfriend, all his sexual firsts. He'd given Ford his heart, over and over and over. And while Ford hadn't been the only one to break that heart, he certainly held the records for most successful times utterly destroying Stan and leaving him to pick up the pieces.

Then again, Stan wasn't exactly innocent in all this, either. He'd broken Ford's heart plenty of times too.

"You love me too, don't you?" Ford asks, and he's trembling. The idea that Stan might not love him anymore had apparently never occurred to him. Before now, that is. He clears his throat, shoulders hunched. "I- I understand, of course. We have... I have done so much to hurt you, for so many years. I suppose you don't have a reason to still..."

Stan can't allow that line of thought.

He reaches over, entwines their fingers, squeezes. He makes Ford look at him.

"Of course I love you. Never was able to get over you. Now I guess I don't have to."

Stan lets the steadiness of his whole life loving Ford come through, and he knows he looks like a sap, but it's worth it for how Ford relaxes, reassured.

That handled, Stan laughs, trying to lighten the heaviness of all this.

"You realize you're going to divorce me in 24 hours tops, right?"

Ford smiles, and his expression is so soft. He lets go of Stan's hand, and points to the newspaper again. "Continued on page 6."

Stan obediently turns the pages, hands definitely not shaking because how can there be more, and keeps reading. After all the requirements for the two people being married this way (obviously him and Ford, undeniably him and Ford, wouldn't work for anyone but him and Ford) is a final note.

Divorce disallowed for this type of union.

Stan's throat closes up, and his eyes get wet enough the newspaper swims in his vision. It's such a stupid, crazy, possessive thing for Ford to do. Ford stands there expectantly, manic glint still in his eye but sharing space with shining hope that is spread over his entire face, his posture, the energy he's giving off. *Say yes*, says Ford's everything.

Like Stan has ever wanted to say anything else more.

Stan clears his throat a couple times until sound can come out.

"So this is a real til death do we part thing." Stan says, voice cracking, and Ford beams.

"Actually I know this necromancer-"

Stan cuts him off with a kiss.

End Notes

Thank you for reading! Comments and kudos are appreciated

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